

CONSTELLATION: VELA

In the gutter where's the gutter

In the pink gutter suburbs spill their guts. In the pink gutter ride a paper boat to the letter box. In the pink gutter broken ballerinas twist their ankles. In the pink gutter goldfish splutter. In the pink gutter the shattered spheres of galaxies colliding. Send shards spinning. In the pink gutter breasts swing free. Manicured lawns swirl pink hems. In the pink gutter memories of romance novels under sheets. In the pink gutter pink scars fade. In the pink gutter garters climbs up your thighs. Tenderized. In the pink gutter failed wars spit bullets and mushroom clouds. Cupcakes and tutus. In the pink gutter water not good enough to piss in drifts away. In the pink gutter unicorns and faeries crack. In the pink gutter syringes are colour coded to match bruises. In the pink gutter fists and fat lips and doors always in the way. In the pink gutter dolphins sing to liar dancers and whales hum at schools of fish swimming this way that way. Around plastic bags. In the pink gutter babies slip from the womb slip away. In the pink gutter prostitutes don't wear knickers and if you twist certain ways you can see. In the pink gutter everything you learned in a classroom shaves your dreams. In the pink gutter Barbie dolls pull their own heads off. In the pink gutter family history is erased by memory. In the pink gutter tombstones are marshmallow clouds singed. In the pink gutter earth lubricates her eyes with glitter gloss. In the pink gutter birds pull their feathers out so they can't fly. In the pink gutter children pick their way around picks and shards and new skin for their future. In the pink gutter a thousand broken internet links flutter in a flood of ones and zeros and porn stories. In the pink gutter no one remembers your failures because no one remembers you. In the pink gutter the bible quotes itself and it's always the whore in revelations. In the pink gutter buildings falling down upset us more than buildings going up. In the pink gutter yesterday's news is made into papier mache head jobs for politicians. In the pink gutter old hamburgers have shoe prints in their pickles. In the pink gutter mental illness is punishable by chains walls needles. In the pink gutter agonies sleep on clouds of uranium dreaming. In the pink gutter poverty colludes with cigarette butts. In the pink gutter I follow the trail between my thighs. In the pink gutter I lie.

suburbs

Manicure

memories of

scars

gutter fists

liar dancers and

the pink

the

womb

In the pink

In the pink

everything

learned in

your

tombstone

glitter

around

shards and new skin

no one remembers

no one remembers you

the bible quotes

falling down

head jobs

for

mental

needles

sleep

between thighs



